

PALMETTO STANDARD.

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Brilliant Sketch.

THE SECRET BENEFACITOR.

BY MRS. E. C. LOYD.

"Have you attended to the business I spoke of particularly yesterday?" asked Mr. Lambert, a wealthy owner of real estate, addressing an intelligent, fair looking young man, who sat at a desk, as the above named gentleman entered his office.

Charles Burchard colored with embarrassment. For a minute his hand moved nervously across his brow, then raising his hands, he said in a low, earnest tone:

"I have neglected to follow your instructions."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Lambert, angrily, "but this is the way you attend to my affairs! Young man, if you think I will pass over this carelessness—"

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, with a face like marble, but speaking in a calm tone, "I am guilty of no carelessness, and have endeavored to do my duty."

"Your duty is to follow my instructions. Number twenty-three has been a losing business for me long enough. The family have had warning. You could not have mismanaged. I told you that if the rent was not paid before twelve o'clock yesterday—"

"I visited the family," rejoined Charles, "and it seemed to me that had you seen what I saw, you would not have had me apply the extremity of the law to their misfortune. They are very poor—they are sick—they are suffering. You would not have had the heart to—"

"Charles Burchard," exclaimed Mr. Lambert, angrily, "you are faithful, honest, capable—and I would not willingly part with you; but since you prefer your way of doing business to mine, and presume to dictate, it is not proper that we should work together any longer."

"I have thought myself," said Charles, "that since I cannot conscientiously pursue the extreme you deem necessary, it will be just for me to quit your service. I am ready," he added, fixing his mild eye upon Mr. Lambert's face, "I am ready to go."

"Well, sir, we will have a settlement at once. How much am I indebted to you? What is your due?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? How is this?"

"You will see, that your eye over this page."

"Yes, I perceive; you have taken up your wages lately, as soon as due," said Mr. Lambert, who remembering his clerk's fidelity and capacity was becoming softened.—"This is a new thing, however. But I presume you have been using your money advantageously."

"I have tried to make a Christian use of it," answered Charles, coolly.

"Have you been dealing in stocks?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, you lost confidence in me, and thought proper to put your money into other hands."

"I have neither made investments nor loans," said Charles, with a peculiar smile, "what small funds I could command I have used."

"You?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless me, Charles! I thought you a steady young man; and how you can have squandered your entire salary I am unable to conceive."

"And I presume I should be unable to explain it to your satisfaction, sir. It is a subject which I can avail nothing to conversation. If you get a man in my place immediately, I should be willing to save you the trouble of instructing him in the state of your business."

"Certainly, if you please; and you shall be paid."

"I did not make the offer, expecting remuneration. I trust that I have kept my accounts in such a manner that it will not require half an hour to make an intelligent man understand the entire business."

"Charles," exclaimed Mr. Lambert, "I decline to part with you. We have always agreed until this time."

"Six months ago," replied Chas. Burchard, "this family in No. 23 could not pay their quarterly rent. I had orders to turn them into the street. I did not do it."

"But, but the rent was paid."

"You permitted me to give them a few days' grace; you permitted them on my promise to see that the rent was paid. You are right; it was paid; the next quarter's rent was paid. At present, they cannot pay. Knowing the condition of the family, I can not follow your instructions."

"Well," said Mr. Lambert, hardening himself, "I have rules with regard to persons in my employ, which nothing can induce me to break. Justice is my motto. It is a good one, and I shall stand by it."

"May I be a better one, sometimes," replied Charles, coolly. "Justice is admirable in all; but mercy in the powerful is god-like."

Thus Mr. Lambert parted with his faithful clerk. Another took the place of Charles Burchard, and the latter was without a situation.

About the first business Mr. Carroll, the new clerk, attended to, concerned the poor family in No. 23.

"They vacate the premises immediately," he said to Mr. Lambert. "But there is some mystery about that family; they made allusions to yourself, which I was unable to understand."

"To me?"

"Yes, sir; they spoke of your kindness to them."

"My kindness?" Mr. Lambert colored.

"The woman is an invalid," said Mr. Carroll.

"The man is a fine looking intellectual person, with thin cheeks, a broad pale forehead, and bright expressive eyes. He has been for a year at work on some mechanical invention, which he believes is going to be of vast benefit to manufacturers."

"I have heard Mr. Burchard speak of that," replied Mr. Lambert. "But what did these people say of me?"

"That they had been indebted to you for numerous favors."

"Favors?"

"Yes, sir—at work at his invention, which of course, can afford him no income until completed, Mr. Ward has not been able to do much toward the support of his family. Mrs. Ward, as I said, is an invalid. Their only child—a daughter about eighteen, and a girl of some accomplishments—has done considerable towards their support."

"I have heard all this from Mr. Burchard. What did they say of me?"

"That in these circumstances they have received benefits from you, for which they are very grateful."

"It is a mere taunt; insolent irony," muttered Mr. Lambert.

"I assure you, sir, there were tears in the poor woman's eyes, when she said that she was sincere."

"Humph!"

"They appreciated these favors so much the more," said Mr. Carroll, "from the fact that as Mr. Ward's invention is a secret, and as all his instruments and contrivances have been in the house, it would have been a sore disadvantage to be obliged to move. His invention is now on the eve of completion, and he is firm in the hope of being able to pay with interest all your benefits."

Mr. Lambert was greatly perplexed by this inexplicable conversation of his clerk; but he concealed his feelings, and leaving Mr. Carroll to believe he was a man who did a great deal of good in a quiet way, went himself to make an attempt to explore the mystery, by visiting No. 23.

He found the Wards making preparations to vacate the premises. To a beautiful girl with a handkerchief over her head, who was carrying small articles of furniture to the hall, he made known his wish to see Mr. Ward.

This gentleman was engaged in packing up his machinery; but soon coming out of his secret room and locking the door behind him, he appeared before Mr. Lambert. As these two individuals had never met, the landlord was obliged to introduce himself.

"I feel highly honored; I am thankful for this new indication of kindness," said Mr. Ward, with emotion.

"I understand," said Mr. Lambert, "that you have been to work on an important mechanical invention."

"Yes, sir, and I am happy to inform you it is completed; the model has gone to Washington. I have used all the money I could scrape together to pay the expenses of the patent right; but, sir, a manufacturing company are ready to negotiate with me for my machine, and in a very short time I shall be able to pay my debts."

Mr. Lambert had hitherto regarded his tenant as a visionary. He did not look like one; he did not speak like one. The thought struck Mr. Lambert that he might after all be able to pay his rent.

"I have concluded that I might as well permit you to remain here a short time longer; although I am myself pressed for money," he said, with a thoughtful air.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Ward, "this is a favor I had no right to expect, notwithstanding all you have done for us; but I am sincerely grateful. We are going into a miserable house, where we did not anticipate residing more than two or three weeks, or until I find my funds coming in; and if we can remain here, you shall be no loser by the operation. Your debt I consider sacred; those many benefits shall never be forgotten."

"Benefits? I am not aware that you are much indebted to me."

"You are pleased to say so; but for two quarters' rent you gave me receipts in full, relying on my honor for payment at some future time. I have also received sums to aid me in prosecuting my invention. I have at no time doubted but they came from you."

Mr. Lambert pressed his forehead with his hands. After a pause he said:

"And why, may I ask; why did you give me credit?"

"Excuse me for mentioning the subject," said Mr. Ward, with emotion, "but although you parted in anger from your sister—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert, starting and changing color.

"Here was a pardonable offence," said Mr. Ward. "She declined marrying the man whom you chose for her husband. You disowned her; you have never met her since. But this was years ago, and I know you could not cherish resentment so long."

"My God," cried Mr. Lambert, "what do you mean? I have heard nothing of her for twenty years. I know not what has become of her."

Mr. Ward fixed his eyes upon his landlord in speechless astonishment.

"Is it possible?" he murmured; "are you serious?"

"Upon my soul I have made inquiries for Mary, without success. I have supposed her dead!"

"Then these benefits have not been bestowed because—"

"Sir, I know nothing of what you say. I die with suspense! If you know anything of Mary, tell me what has become of her."

The tenant's eyes looked searching and earnestly into the landlord's face; then taking him by the arm, he led him deliberately and softly into another room.

There was a pale, thin woman sitting in an arm chair. She started on seeing the two men enter, and uttered a faint cry of surprise.

"My brother!"

"Mary!" gasped Mr. Lambert; "can it be my sister?"

"Your sister and my wife!"

An hour later, Mr. Lambert might have been seen entering Charles Burchard's lodging. The young man was at home. With surprise he greeted his late employer. The latter, was apparently excited by the occurrence of some recent event.

"Young man," said he, "I have learned in what way you have used your salary for the past year."

"Sir?"

"You have compromised me I do not wish to blame you; but you should not have left the Ward family to suppose the money they received came from me. You paid their rent, and gave them receipts in my name!"

"And do they know it?" cried Charles.

"Why should they not? Why did you not act openly with them?"

"I had no thought that you would be injured by being suspected of helping them, and I had my reasons for not wishing to be known as the author of the benefits," said Charles, blushing.

"I demand your reasons."

"The truth is, I must confess it, I—I hope someday to marry Mary Ward."

"Ah—"

"She is a worthy girl, sir—"

"But this is no reason!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert.

"Well, then, you must know, sir, had I advanced money to the family openly," said Charles, recovering his self-possession, and his face beaming with frankness, "there was a possibility that I might be suspected of unworthy motives. And again, even had it been otherwise, and I could have won Miss Ward, as I would have wished to win her, she might have loved me more from a sense of gratitude than for myself; and I would not have bought her love. As it is, I—I hope she loves me for what I am, and that she will accept my hand, when I am in a position to support a wife."

"Charles," said Mr. Lambert, pressing the young man's hand, "I honor you! You have acted nobly. Return to your situation; you shall have the entire control of my business; your salary shall be double."

"But Mr. Carroll—"

"He is not permanently engaged. I will procure a place for him. Charles you must come back! I confess I have acted wrong in this matter. To tell you a secret, Charles, Mary Ward is my own sister!"

"Your sister?"

"I do not wonder at your astonishment; but it cannot equal mine, when I learned the fact this morning. I disclaimed all connection with her twenty years ago, because she refused to marry a man who was my friend. I was unjust. Afterwards she married Mr. Ward, of whom I know nothing. She supposed, however, that I might have learned the facts; and all the favors they have received from you, have been credited to me. But it shall be made right. I thank Heaven that I have now an opportunity to atone for my injustice to an only sister, and to thank you for the lesson in humanity you have taught me. 'Wealthly as I am, I shall never again distress a tenant for rents, without ascertaining whether he is deserving of any favors.'"

Mr. Lambert was not permitted to do all the good he proposed to his sister's family. In a few days, Mr. Ward's patent was decreed, and his fortune made. Thanks to his noble invention, his family was raised to affluence; but Mrs. Ward did not disdain the kindness of her restored brother.

Select Poetry.

FROM THE COLUMBIA HANDBOOK.
TO MY MOTHER.

'Tis evening, Mother dear. Its holy hour,
Laden with precious memories, is sweet to me;
Far apart are you and I—but distance wide
Hearts warm and true can never, never part.

And oh, blest thought—
While struggling on Life's tide, alone, how sweet
It is to think, to know, one heart responsive
Beats to mine! I miss thy gentle hand
Upon mine aching brow, as forth
To the cold, unfeeling world I go, breathing a
prayer

For thee, my mother dear!
If, by temptations dark and wild,
This heart be turned from good to ill,
Wouldst thou still claim thy erring child,
Dear mother, wouldst thou love me still?

If ever my thoughts sorrow deep and grief
And cares, my breast to rend, and I
Be banish'd from all earth beside, still
Let me in thy bosom live!

And when my wearied eyes
In sleep are closed, and thou knowest I am at
rest,
O mother, tell me, is it thy child afar
For whom that sigh is breathed
So soft and sweet?

And as thy falling tears I see, my heart,
Despairing, sinks with fear; for oh, what task
Must I pursue to bring once more those by-gones,
Heavenly smiles to thee?

Yes, mother dear, in passing thro'
This dreary life, I see thine angel form—
In sleep, thy spirit comes to me; and then,
I pray if clouds my path should gather o'er,
They may not darken thee.

Hallowed will ever be love's place
In hearts like thine and mine—
'Tis where my childish hands have reared
Affection's earliest shrine.

When life's fitful dream
Is o'er, I hope to meet thee; not here,
Not here, but far beyond this vale of tears—
And if before thee I should go,
Leaving thee in the tollowing way, my spirit
Shall bring its harp attuned to angel melody,
And strike around thy heart the strains
Of glorious immortality! M. L.
Columbia, S. C.

Select Miscellany.

JAMES BOWIE, THE NAPOLEON OF DUELISTS.

On the evening of the 4th of June, 1835, the steamboat "Rob Roy" started from St. Louis to New Orleans with a full crowd of passengers. Immediately after getting good headway, to adopt a favorite backwoods phrase, one person attracted universal attention by the annoying eagerness with which he endeavored to make up a party at cards.

Indeed, his oft repeated and persevering efforts to that end soon became insulting and unenduring; and yet his appearance was such as to deter the bravest on board from administering the chastisement which he so richly deserved. He was a huge mass of mighty bone and muscles, with swarthy features bearing the impress of many a scar; piercing dark eyes, that seemed to possess the power of blasting the beholder; cold, gleaming eyes, such as haunt the memory painfully; a rank luxuriance of coal black hair, immense whiskers and moustache. This savage looking figure was habited in the costliest clothing, and adorned with a profusion of jewelry, while the outlines of several murderous weapons were plainly distinguishable beneath his gaudy vest and superfine coat. Nor did he need these to render him an object of terror. A connoisseur in the science of belligerent gymnastics, would have confidently pronounced him a match for any five men on the deck, without any aid from lead or cold steel.

At length, after many failures, he prevailed on a wealthy young merchant of Natchez to join him at a game of poker. They sat down beside a small table near the bar, and were soon absorbed in that most perilous of all excitements, of which the two alluring ingredients are the vanity and pride of individual skill, and the uncertainty of general hazard. At first the stakes were small, and the run of the cards seemed wholly in favor of the merchant; but presently they bet more freely, and gold eagles and hundred dollar notes were showered down on the board with extravagant ardor; and the current of fortune changed—ebbed away from the young merchant, and flowed to the professional gambler in a stream like the ocean's tide. As usually happens in such cases, his want of success only piqued and maddened the loser, and he sought to recover himself by venturing such desperate ventures as could not but deepen and confirm his ruin. And thus they continued during that long summer night. The intensity of their excitement became equivalent to insanity. Every nerve was strung—every energy of their brain was taxed to the utmost—their teeth were set as those of antagonists in the tug of mortal strife—the sweat rolled from their brows like great drops of rain.

The passengers formed a circle around the players, and looked on with that interest which extraordinary concentration of intellect and passion never fails to inspire, even in bosoms that shudder at the excess. The

merchant and the gambler attracted all eyes, and kept many awake and gazing till morning. Among the latter was one presenting a countenance so piteous that it might have melted hearts of marble to tears. A pale and exquisitely beautiful face peeped incessantly from the half open door of the ladies' cabin, weeping all the while as if oppressed by some dreadful sensation of immediate sorrow. It was the merchant's lovely wife weeping her farewell to departing hope!

There was one spectator, also, whose appearance and actions excited almost as much curiosity as the players did themselves. He was a tall, spare man of about thirty, with handsome features, golden hair, keen blue eyes of preternatural brightness, and his firm, thin lips were a perpetual smile—a mysterious smile of the strangest, the most inscrutable meaning. With the exception of his red calico shirt, his person was dressed wholly in buckskin, ornamented with long flowing tassels, and wild figures wrought out of variegated beads, after the fashion of some western Indians. He stood close beside the card table, and held in his left hand a sheet of paper, in his right a large pencil, with which ever and anon he dashed off a few words, as if engaged in tracing the progress of the game.

Still the merchant and gambler persevered in their physical and mental toil. The dial of the stars, with its thousand fingers of golden fire, pointed to the world-shadows of midnight; but still they did not pause. It was "shuffle and cut, and pass, ante up, and I call you, and rake down the pile." Towards morning a tremendous storm arose. The red lightning flashed awfully—the hail poured down like a frozen cataract, the great river roared till it rivalled the loud thunder of heaven; and the very pilot at the wheel was alarmed. But the mad players heard it not. What was the tumult of the raging elements to them whose destiny hung on the turning of a card? And the smiling blue eyed stranger in buckskin still stood by them, with his pencil and paper, calmly noting the development of the game.

Finally the storm passed, as the beautiful day beam came out like a thing of glory in the grey east. Then the infatuated merchant, distracted with the heavy losses, dared the climax of folly. He staked five thousand dollars, comprising his last cent of money in the world, on "two pair of kings."

The whiskered gambler "called" him—he showed hands; the blackleg had "two pair of aces," and "raked the board." The merchant dropped to the floor as if he had been shot through the brain, and that beautiful young wife flew to his side and fell shrieking upon his bosom. They were both borne away insensible to the ladies' cabin.

As he deposited his winnings in his pocket, the gambler emitted a hoarse laugh that sounded frightful as the chuckle of a fiend; but he instantly lost color, as a low, calm voice remarked in his ear.

"Villain, you play a strong hand at many different games, but here stands one that can beat you at all of them!"

He turned, met the glance of those keen blue eyes perternaturally bright, and shuddered, but he immediately gained his presence of mind, for he was no coward, and then he frowned till his shaggy brows met like the coil of a serpent, and demanded sternly:

"Beggars, who are you to banter a gentleman thus rudely?"

"I am James Bowie, of Texas," the other answered with a ringing laugh, "and you are John LaFitte, a bastard of the old pirate!"

The gambler reeled in his chair as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, but recovered again from the shock in a moment, and asked in a firm tone:

"What game do you wish with me?"

"Poker first, and pistols afterwards, if you play foul!" replied Bowie.

"Very well," rejoined the other, and they took their seats at the table.

For a time the success seemed about equally balanced, the gain and loss being alternate. At last the gambler ventured one of his skillful manoeuvres in dealing. Bowie smiled strangely as his quick eye detected the trick. He said nothing, however, but looked at his hand, and bet five thousand dollars, staking the money in ten large bills.

The gambler went five thousand dollars higher, which resulted in a "call."

Bowie held "four jacks," but, with his habitual, fiendish chuckle, his antagonist showed "four queens," exclaiming as he did so:

"By heaven, the pile is mine!"

"Not yet," shouted Bowie, as with both hands he raked the heap of notes to the tune of twenty thousand dollars, into his pocket.

Choking, and purple with rage and shame, the gambler roared:

"To the hurricane deck, and let pistols be the trumps this turn!"

"Good as gold!" replied Bowie, and the two hastily ascended the stairs and stood their separate positions—the gambler over the stern, and Bowie over the bow.

At that instant the sun was just rising in a cloudless sky. Nature looked sublime—a bride worthy her Almighty Husband and

God. The woods and waters appeared as parts of one divine picture, with the boundless blue of heaven for its background. The broad Losomed river rolled away like an immense sheet of burnished silver, speckled here and there with a flash of golden bubbles; shining fishes gambolled in the sparkling wave; and all the bright birds—these sweet singers, whose life is a dream, and that dream only music—chaunted their wild anthem to the new day; while the two great duellists, the most deadly ever known in the southwest, stood with cocked pistols eye to eye, and their fingers fixed on the hair triggers, prepared and waiting to slay and be slain.

"I am ready. You give the word," cried Bowie, in his clear, ringing voice, and with that inseparable smile of strange meaning on his lips.

"I am ready. Fire!" shouted the gambler, in tones murderous as death.

The two pistols roared simultaneously. Bowie did not move, though he had barely escaped with his life, for the bullet of his foe had cut away one of the golden locks of his yellow hair. The gambler was shot through the heart, and dropping on the brink of the deck, had almost tumbled into the river. He was buried by the squatters at the next word yard. And thus perished justly a bastard son of the great pirate LaFitte.

There never was a jury empanelled in the West who would have brought in a verdict against any man for killing him, and more especially under the circumstances, because public opinion pronounced that "he ought to be killed." And such were the desperadoes that Bowie commonly exterminated.

The generous victor immediately proceeded to the ladies' cabin and restored the winnings of the gambler to the young merchant and his beautiful wife, who both received the boon as a gift from heaven, with as much gratitude as joy.

THE PHENOMENA OF SLEEP.

Dr. Dickson, of South Carolina, has recently published a work on Life, Sleep, Pain and Death, which contains some curious facts and speculations. The following facts are given in relation to sleep, which is described to be the repose of the mind:

The necessary amount of sleep differs in various tribes, as well as in different individuals. The average proportion of time thus employed by our race is estimated at one-third. Sir John Sinclair, who slept eight hours himself, says that in his researches upon the subject of longevity, he found long life under every circumstance and every course of habit—some old men being about ninety, others intertemperate, some active and some indolent; but all had slept well and long. Alfred the Great slept eight hours a day—Jeremy Taylor but three. Bonaparte, during the greater part of his active life, was content with four or five hours sleep. Old age and infancy sleep much.

Some boys slept, from fatigue, on board of Nelson's ship, at the battle of the Nile. Among the impressive incidents of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat to Carunna, in Spain, not the least striking is the recorded fact that many of the soldiers steadily pursued their march while fast asleep. Burdach, however, affirms that this is not uncommon among soldiers. Franklin slept nearly an hour, swimming on his back. An acquaintance of Dr. D., traveling with a party in North Carolina, being greatly fatigued, was observed to be sound asleep in his saddle. His horse, being a better walker, went far in advance of the rest. On crossing a hill, they found him on the ground snoring quietly. His horse had fallen, as was evident from his broken knees, and had thrown his rider on his head, on a hard surface, without waking him.

Animals of the lower orders obey peculiar laws in regard to sleep. Fish are said to sleep soundly; and we are told by Aristotle, that the trench may be taken in this state, if approached cautiously. Many birds and beasts of prey take their repose in the daytime. When kept in captivity, this habit undergoes a change, which makes us doubt whether it was not the result of necessity which demanded that they should take advantage of the darkness, silence, and the unguarded state of their victims. In the menagerie at Paris, even the hyena sleeps at night and is awake by day. They are, however, seek, as favoring the purpose, a certain degree of seclusion and shade with the exception of the lion, who, by the way, informs us, sleeps at noonday, in the open plain; and the eagle and condor, which poise themselves on the most elevated pinnacles of rock in the clear blue atmosphere, and dazling sunlight. Birds, however, are furnished with a nictitating membrane generally, to shelter the eye from light. Fish prefer to retire to sleep under the shadow of a rock, or woody bank, or domestic animals, the horse seems to require least sleep, and that he usually takes in an erect posture. Birds that rest in a sitting posture are furnished with a well adapted mechanism, which keeps them firmly supported without voluntary or conscious action. The tendon of the claws is so arranged as to be tightened by their weight when the thighs are bent, thus contracting

closely, and grasping the bough or perch. In certain other animals which sleep erect, the articulation of the foot and knee are described by Dumeril as resembling the spring of a pocket-knife, which opens the instrument and serves to keep the blade in a line with the handle.

It has been prettily said that, without Hope and Sleep, man would be inconceivably wretched. The circumstances favoring sleep, besides a quiet conscience, a mild unexcited, and a body free from pain, are a recumbent posture, silence and darkness. When Polioy demanded of a soothsayer—

"What would make one sleep well in the night?" "The best way," he replied, "was to have divine and celestial meditations, and to use honest actions, in the day time."

Muller says he could go to sleep at will on assuming a recumbent position. Bonaparte, during his grand career, required no other condition but darkness; yet, at St. Helena, he suffered from sleeplessness among his other tortures—Habit exercises an almost omnipotent influence in this matter. A distinguished watchmaker having retired from business, was in danger of phrenitis for want of sleep. After several miserable weeks of this privation, some one suggested a return to his old place of abode. The experiment succeeded perfectly, for he fell asleep in his former workshop at once, rejoicing in the loud ticking of scores of clocks and watches.

Of contrasted impossibility is the case of the old harpist, giving by Brandis, who slept the instant he left off playing; but, although undisturbed by other sounds, woke up immediately as any one touched the strings of his instrument.

Deprived of sleep, man is inexpressibly wretched, and eager and careless has ever been his search after the means of procuring this inestimable blessing. Narcotics are everywhere instinctively sought and employed; and stimulants, as indirectly narcotic, have unfortunately become beverages. Alas! what a picture of life is presented to us in the fact that unconsciousness and insensibility to care and anguish, constitute the best boon that can be offered to suffering humanity! If Sancho Panza had reason for the heartfelt blessing he bestows upon him who first invented sleep, surely all nations will rise up and call him blessed who shall discover the means of procuring sleep at will, without counterbalancing consequences of an unpleasant nature. The waters of Lethe, which possessed the power of obliterating all remembrance of sorrow and of crime, would not be more desirable.

OUR ENEMIES.

If you would rise in the world, you must not stoop to kick at every cur who barks at you as you pass along.

"Kick 'em! On the contrary, said Tom Lexicon, I feel much obliged to 'em. It's a purgatorial, initiatory passage to Paradise."

"Nothing great ever succeeded, that wasn't first hissed at by something small." It's an unfailing sign of the rise of Lexicon stock. That must be an unmitigated piece of human stupidity, that could go through life without scaring up at least one enemy. So "Bless your enemies," and always be sure you are one idea in advance of your neighbors, when you get your mental

FARMING.

CULTIVATION.

MANURING.

PLANTING.

SOWING.

REAPING.

THRESHING.

WINNERS.

STOCKING.

BREEDING.

DISEASES.

Pests.

Insects.

Animals.

Plants.

Fishes.

Birds.

Reptiles.

Mammals.

Minerals.

Metals.

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Interests.

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Activities.

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Recreation.

Entertainment.

Amusement.

Fun.

Joy.

Happiness.

Well-being.

Health.

Vitality.

Energy.

Strength.

Power.

Influence.

Authority.

Respect.

Honor.

Glory.

Fame.

Success.

Achievement.

Triumph.

Victory.

Conquest.

Dominion.

Mastery.

Control.

Command.

Rule.

Governance.

Administration.

Management.

Operation.

Execution.

Performance.

Completion.

Fulfillment.

Realization.

Attainment.

Acquisition.

Obtainment.

Procurement.

Securement.

Engagement.

Commitment.

Obligation.

Responsibility.

Accountability.

Liability.

Responsibility.

Accountability.

Liability.

of its valuable properties might be lost during decomposition.

With both crops, fruit or flower, the soil on the surface of the ground would be an obstacle to germination.

8. Manures of any kind or in any state, when left on the surface, might, from being kept too dry, fall to benefit the crop for which they originally were intended. And let it be recollected that they are only available to plants when in a soluble state; and to be made soluble, they must be moist. We would therefore, cover manures to such a degree as would secure the advantages and avoid the objections here indicated, and no more.

On manures, a mechanical effect is sought to be produced by manures; that is greater friability of the soil. This purpose is best accomplished by plowing in straw or forest manure in a fresh or unfertilized state. This is obviously, however, quite a different thing from the application of manures to feed a crop.—*Albany Cultivator.*

From the Southern Agriculturist.

DEEP PLOWING AND MANURING.

A friend, whom we once wrote down as the "Model Farmer" of our upper country, thus writes:

"I have closely examined the best farms of our Northern and Middle countries, but have found no few notions which were practical, that they cannot be looked to as examples, or patterns to copy—soil, climate, labor and markets so differing. The whole routine of improvement has become razed, in my mind, to two words, 'Plowing and Manuring.' The first word—aye, there's the rub—and the second, what? Now the right sort of implements, and the way to use them, is what we want. Let these receive your early attention in the forthcoming 'Agriculturist.' Give every farmer, who keeps three horses, an Eagle Plow for his dinner, and after coming his hair with a Geddes Harrow, administer a few teaspoonfuls of Guano to revive the sinking patient—who is our beloved Fine-barn-plough Palmetto State."

When a text, and what should be the commodity? It is true that our soils are impoverished. It is true that the last fifty years have added nothing to the productivity of the country. It is true that our systems of tillage have radically striven to lead to ruin, but devastation, instead of improvement and increased fertility. Away, then, with the tools and agricultural implements which have scratched off the cream from the fat mould-covered earth, which, in days of yore, rewarded the honest toil of our forefathers—his ax, his hoe, his shovel, and the sweep of those abominations and curses of slovenly tillage. Deep plowing is all that will save our galled fields from becoming desolated, even by the hares.

We lately said, in connection with these notions, "Strike the ploughshare still deeper into the bosom of the mother earth. It is the only insect she will smile upon, and in token of approval, she will, in return, duck herself in garments of golden grain." Yes, deep plowing makes true, the fancied fields of "the doth of gold." Like the milkmaid, our farmers skim, and the weak milk is left; like the butcher, too, they skin, and the poor earth is left naked and bleeding, exhausting its energies in protecting itself. Let them try our friends' recommendation, or Dr. Boyles' Sulphur and tinning plows, on half their cultivated lands. Nester mind if the Eagle plow is made in Yankee-land; it can turn a furrow twelve inches wide and half as deep, with a good team, and that will be something gained, where farmers only break up their lands half this depth. Then lay a still stronger team with a sub-soil plow following in the furrow. Your crops will root eight or ten inches nearer the center of the earth the next season, and illustrate the benefits of deep plowing by their superior growth. No ordinary drought will check their luxuriance, or cut off their productivity. First experiments in deep plowing, always carry conviction to the minds of the experimenters. If the dry, the crops are sustained by the moisture preserved in the deep permeable soil; if it is wet, the crop is not drowned out, and the ammonia precipitated by abundant rains, is preserved for the final uses of the plants in a greater amount. It is a rule which works both ways admirably. But every plow which penetrates the earth or cuts a wide and deep furrow also is not to be recommended. The primary object of cultivation is the thorough pulverization of the soil, and of enabling it to secure means for the complete penetration of the hard underlying layer, in order to let the superfluous water permeate freely through them. Then plow, then, which subverts the soil and leaves bare a rough state is likely to effect the most benefit, provided the proper application of the harrow be made. And the subsoil plow which, mole-like, elevates the clod or gravel without throwing it out in the furrow, will be found to answer the best purpose. It is much easier to smooth and pulverize with a harrow, a piece of land with furrows which are cracked and broken, than to undertake a flat surface which has been evenly and perfectly turned over. Then, too, land which is turned in ridges, presenting a greater portion of its surface to atmospheric exposure, and if the action of the frost in winter is beneficial, it is clear that this mode is preferable.

Let up plow deep—no matter how it is done—our soil is then prepared to receive and retain manure. Our crops could then be planted with some certainty as to their reliable production. It would be no speculative work, and reward for toil would be more certain. It is to soil and science which, in farming operations, to contend with the adverse seasons. They enable him to fulfill his destiny:

"Go! till the ground," said God to man, "Subdue the earth, it shall be thine." How grand, how glorious was the plan! How wise the Law Divine! And none of Adam's race can draw A title, save beneath this law, To hold the world in trust; Forth is the Lord's, and he hath sworn That ere old Time has reached his bourne, It shall reward the just."

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Humorous Reading.

A TALE OF A SHIRT COLLAR.

I will give you an adventure of a bashful lover. His name was Dumphre, but we used to call him 'Jack' for short. Heaven help me if he should ever see this story.

Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man, and it looked mainly to have a "penchant."

"So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most boyish girl in the square; but how to tell his love! There was a rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that; but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has depicted expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview had only increased his ardor, he finally determined on "going it alone."

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants, (said pants being a little tighter than the skin) and a spotless vest. As the hour gradually drew near, Jack found his courage and perspiration oozing out together, and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded, however, he had better take a walk past the house and see how he felt.

By the time he reached the mansion he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting his eyes towards the parlor window and perceiving no signs of life there, he thought it probable that no one was at home, and since he had proceeded so far he would proceed farther and leave his card.

No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him in. Miss Emily was alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him.

"O Lord! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl alone! It was too late to retreat; the girl had closed the front door and was pointing to the parlor where 'Miss Emily was sitting all alone.' Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked, or rather slid.

All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment, but only for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice, bidding him welcome and draw near. To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed; but he little dreamed of the obstacles which fate had thrown in his way. He knew full well the stream of love had many ripples, but full grown anags entered not into his calculation.

Judge then of his astonishment on being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet by a stool, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for any extra tension of muscles and sinews, he not only "procured" a tumble but also a "compound fracture" of the black pants aforesaid.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily, not setting him forward any, he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward, set himself down, with as much grace as a bean would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on needles.

The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the misfortune of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark:

"On this rock he split, for just at that moment she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. What had become of it? She was sure she had it when she came in! It must certainly be somewhere about."

"Hav'n't you got it under you, Mr. Dumphre?"

Jack was sure that could not be so, but poor Jack in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop his coat tail.

"Here it is, my you needn't trouble yourself. Raise a little, is under you!" at the same time giving it a long pull.

Alas, the "tail" was told—no escape—nothing short of special interpretation of Providence could save his shirt. But what should he do? Another, and another, a stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a premonitory determination to obtain the "lost dry goods," coupled with the request—

"Get up," and in the agony of the moment, grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents, "For God's sake, Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRY.

Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a primitive sort of a little village called 'The Centre.' Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a dance; and 'dances they did,' said our informant, 'with an unctious unknown to your city belles and beaux.'—One interesting young man, having 'imbibed' rather too freely, became 'fatigued' in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to 'retire' for a short rest. A door ajar near the dancing-hall revealed invitingly a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession with a prospect of an undisturbed 'snore.' It so happened, however, that this was the ladies' withdrawing room, and no sooner had he closed his eyes than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the tallow-candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like most of their 'sicks') which ran on in this wise: 'What a nice 'dances' we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?' 'La, yes, Sally! Jim Brown says he never saw you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard anybody say any thing about me?' 'About you? why saris; I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the best dressed girl in the room.' Whereupon the dear things chuckled, 'fixed up' a little more and made off toward the hall-room. They had hardly reached the door when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired, 'Ha, you heard ary body say anything about my girls?' 'Phanny their phedinks,' at that juncture! They fled with an explosive scream.

Interesting Dialogue.

The following very interesting dialogue took place a few days since, at an institution up town, where all kinds of learning are taught by Mr. McCarty, Professor of knowledge and politeness:

McC: You'll find some of them are scholars in the feminine department, very deep, your honor, in the languages, especially that little French girl there, I'm after instilling the English into.

Old Gent: I'm very glad to hear it. Then you are learning English, are you, my little Miss? Well, I hope you are almost a proficient, are you not?

Girl: Monsieur, me very much proficient indeed—indeed—the polly Anglaise very much—two trees—me say Roast beef, dam, one four three several times day every morning.

Old Gent: Well, I think you are proficient indeed. Where do you expect to go to when you die, ye little sinner!

Girl: Yes! Yes! Ver much.

Old Gent: Does your mother know you're out, child?

Girl: Roast beef, dam, ye coffee tea no good French, no bon, ah, me, parlavoo, English ver much, mamma dam.

Old Gent: Mr. McCarty, if this is a sample of the deep learning you instill in the minds of the youth who attend your school, I rather think that I would as soon send my son Alexander to Botany Bay, as to your Academy.

Mr. McCarty: Hold your piece, your blackguard you, or I'll send a stool at your head, that will knock thunder out of you. [Exit old gent, closely followed by the stool aforesaid.]

SUBLINE.—All nature was hushed in gloomy silence; the sun was absorbed by a black massive cloud which was rising from the west, throwing its lurid glare from the forked lightning upon the bosom of the dark sleeping waters of Lake Huron—a lone stranger from the far east stood upon the over-hanging cliff of the blue deep, his ear ever and anon catching the distant moan of the rising tempest—the lightnings played nearer and nearer, the bursting of the dreadful thunder was distinctly heard o'er his head; seemed as if in deep meditation, he started suddenly, the pupils of his eyes might be seen to dilate, and the contortions of his face expressed the intense agony of his soul, when he was heard to exclaim in a voice even louder than the fierce tempest which rolled o'er him as he frantically tore his coat from his back, "G-e-e-u-s! how that cursed flec bites me."

A negro man being called on as a witness in one of the courts of North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath, was asked if he knew what would be the consequences here and hereafter if he swore to a lie.

"Yes," said he; "ears off, and no share in the kingdom."

IN A QUANDARY.—"Well, my little fellow, what's the matter?"

"Don't know where to go, thir! Boo-hoo!"

"Why don't you go to school?"

"Then master'll beat me! Boo-hoo!"

"Well, then take your books and go home."

"Then mother'll beat me, thir! I can't help getting licked; any way! Boo-hoo Boo-hoo-hoo!"

The individual who broke the ice with his first stump speech was drowned in applause.

CHESTER DISTRICT BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WARDEN.

TOWN COUNCIL.

DAVID PINCHBACK, Intendant.

W. T. Robins, John McKee, Jr., R. Elliott, Wm. Walker, J. C. Kirkpatrick, James Graham.

District Officers.

John Denovant, Jr., Sheriff.

John Denovant, Jr., Clerk of Court.

Peter Wylie, Ordinary.

Jas. A. Thomas, Tax Collector.

James Hamphill, Commr. in Equity.

John Charles, Commr. in Equity.

James Graham, Exchequer.

Magistrates.

Giles J. Patterson, John P. Lathan, Wm. H. Anderson, Chas. E. Etes, Moses McKee, James B. Magill, John G. B. Gill, David Jamieson, Richard H. Fudge, James A. Lewis, John Davis, J. C. Kirkpatrick, John Ferguson, Abraham Gibson.

Commissioners of Roads.

DANIEL G. STINSON, Chairman.

Wm. E. Kelley, P. B. Stephenson, Cornelius Caldwell, Robert Douglas, Cuthbert Harrison, James Atkinson, J. G. Beckstrom, Ralph McAden.

C. Caldwell, Secretary.

Wm. E. Kelley, Treasurer.

Meetings—Second Monday in March and June, and last Monday in October, at Rich Hill. Joint meeting with Western Board, first Monday in January, at Chester C. H.

WESTERN BOARD.

DR. ELI CORNWELL, Chairman.

Coleman Crosby, Richard Woods, Simpson Manning, John Cornwell, Solomon Moore, John A. Haines, Ezekiel Sanders, Robert S. Hope.

Moses S. Hardin.

COLMAN CROSBY, Sec'y and Treas'r.

Meetings—First Monday in March, June, and November, at Chester C. H. Joint meeting with Eastern Board, first Monday in January, at Chester C. H.

Commissioners of Poor.

HENRY HARDIN, Chairman.

Jas S. Turner, Robert Wylie, Jas G. Loring, Wm. Perry Gill.

James S. Turner, Secretary and Treasurer.

F. A. Hardin, Superintendent of Poor.

Meetings—Last Saturday in every month, at the Poor House.

Commissioners of Free Schools.

JOHN ROSBOROUGH, Chairman.

Wm. D. Henry, James Deenan, Richard H. Fudge, G. G. Robinson, Charles T. Seale, Nicholas Colvin, Wm. P. Henry, Sec'y and Treas'r.

Meetings—Fourth Monday in January, April, July and October.

REGULATIONS.—Each Teacher is required to keep a book, and to submit the number of days each scholar attends his school. The scholastic year consists of 240 days.

A Teacher, on presenting his claim to the Board, shall produce a certificate, signed by at least two respectable citizens, residing in the vicinity of the School, that he has faithfully discharged his duty as a Teacher, and that the scholars are forth in sufficient number to warrant the maintenance of the Free School Fund.

The Chairman and Secretary have power to issue drafts on the Treasurer, and pay Teachers, who present their claims in due form, when the school has been reported and located by the Board.

Commissioners of Public Buildings.

JOHN ROSBOROUGH, Chairman.

Samuel McAden, Jordan Bennett, Matthew Williams, John McKee, Jr., Wm. D. Henry, John S. Wilson, W. M. McDonald, S. Alexander, J. McAden, Secretary.

S. McAden, Treasurer.

Commissioners to Approve Public Bonds.

Thomas McAden, Wm. D. Henry, N. R. Eaves, H. C. Braxley, James Hamphill.

Notary Public.

Robert B. Caldwell, G. B. Montgomery, Jr., James Hamphill, C. D. Melton, Jos. J. McAden, J. Y. Miller, James McAden, Daniel G. Stinson.

Bank Agencies, at Chester C. H.

Bank of the State of South Carolina, H. C. Braxley, Agent.

Planter's & Merchant's Bank of South Carolina, W. D. Henry, Agent.

Union Bank of South Carolina, John A. Bradley, Agent.

Commercial Bank of Columbia, S. C. McAden & Harris, Agents.

Bank of Hamburg, South Carolina, James Page, Agent.

Post Offices.

Names.

Chester, C. H. Wm. Walker.

Blackstock, D. J. Fant.

Springwell, E. J. Fant.

Ghesant Grove, J. B. Lewis.

Lewistown, J. B. Magill.

Landford, Robert Cherry.

Cedar Shoals, J. A. H. Gaston.

Beckhamville, Wm. Anderson.

Rossville, D. R. Stevenson.

Pedensville, David Moffatt.

Hazelwood, Samuel McCaw.

Torbi's Store, Charles Parrot.

Halsellville, Coleman Crosby.

Carmel Hill, J. W. Estes.

Baton Rouge, J. A. Estes.

Chalkville, Col. H. Chalk.

Tombsville, Wm. McCreight.

Wallace, Job Russell.

La Grange, Jacob F. Strat.

Lowrysville, J. G. Lowry.

Those marked (*) are supplied with a daily mail, being on the line of the Rail Road.

Those marked (†) are supplied tri-weekly by stage. The others have only a weekly mail.

VALUABLE PLANTATION FOR SALE.

IN YORK DISTRICT.

THE Subscriber offers for sale his Plantation, situated on Fishing Creek, bounded by lands of Dr. Moore, J. Smith, Wm. E. and others. There are 233 acres in the tract, 100 of which is cleared and under good fence. There is on the place a comfortable Dwelling House and all necessary out buildings, with good spring water. It is about 3 miles from the Charlotte Rail Road, and about the same distance from the King's Mountain. Persons wishing to purchase, can receive all necessary information from the subscriber, living on Lincoln road to Chester, near Joel Jones, or by letter addressed to him at Yorkville, S. C.

JOSEPH C. JOHNSON.

Nov. 27.

LIVERY STABLE.

BY FOSTER & PAGAN.

FORMERLY KEPT BY SLEDGE & PAGAN.

WE wish to inform our friends and the traveling public, that we intend keeping a fine stock of SADDLE AND BUGGY HORSES, AND CARRIAGES, of every description, to hire on reasonable terms.

Orders for Omnibuses, Horses, Carriages, or Drays, will receive prompt attention.

Geo. G. Foster, can always be found at the Howerton Hotel, to transact any business concerning the Livery Stable.

Jan. 19.

A New Assortment of FINE JEWELRY.

CONSISTING in part of fine Gold and Silver Ladies' and gentlemen's Watches, neat gold Pox and Neck chains; Bracelets, Breast Pins, and Ear Rings, of the latest style; fine Gold Lockets, Finger Rings, Coraline Rings, Fanciful Gentlemen's Pins, Odd Fellows' and Temperance Pins; all of which will be sold at a very small advance on New York wholesale prices, for cash, at Chester Court House, by H. Fabian, Watchmaker and Jeweller.

Oct. 27.

Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS.

BROWNING & LEMAN, formerly of and successors to C. & L. Kerrison & Co. would respectfully call the attention of their Customers and others visiting Charleston, to their assortment of DRY GOODS now opening, which will be found more complete than has ever before been offered in this City.

All articles in their line have been manufactured expressly to order. Imported Direct, and will be warranted to prove as represented.

The ONE PRICE SYSTEM will be rigidly adhered to and purchasers may depend upon every article being priced as low as they can be procured in any City in the United States.

Particular attention is requested to their departments of—

Silk and Fancy Dress Goods.

Embroideries, Carpets, Blankets and Plantation Woolens.

—ALSO—

Sheetings and Shirting Linens, Table Damasks, Diapers, Towellings, Napkins, Doilies, &c.; and with every variety of—

Long Cloths, Cotton Sheetings and Hosiery of all kinds.

Terms CASH or City acceptance.

BROWNING & LEMAN.

209 and 211 King Street, corner of Market, Charleston, S. C.

Sept. 29.